

ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1835.

No. 30.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BENJAMIN HOMANS,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

* * Two copies will be furnished one year—or one copy for two years, for five dollars.

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Domestic Miscellany.

From the Washington Globe.

We have been favored by H. Lee, author of the *Life of Napoleon*, with the annexed paper, addressed by him to the Historic Institute at Paris. As it is a correction of an error, of a great event in American history, conveyed in a memorial, consecrated by the name of Lafayette, it is of peculiar interest to the American people. The paper is distinguished by the lucid and convincing demonstration which is characteristic of the author's writings.

PARIS, April, 1831.

SIR: It is a circumstance peculiar to the history of Lafayette, that two powerful nations, placed in opposite hemispheres, speaking different languages, and separated by a vast ocean, should claim equal shares in the inheritance of his glory, and vie with each other in paying grateful offering to his name. He was indeed a man whom the people of two worlds delighted to honor. The obsequies decreed by the constituted authorities of the United States in celebration of his virtues, were scarce performed, when a splendid memorial of his merit was deposited in the bosom of his family, by the National Guards of France.

The magnificent vase, which this great body of citizens have made the symbol of their veneration, will be looked upon, from age to age, with common sensibility by Frenchmen and Americans, who, in its chaste material and exquisite workmanship, will see reflected the modest virtues of Lafayette.

In one of the historical designs, however, by which the engraver has animated and adorned his work, it may be doubted whether he has not deviated more freely from the course of history, than the license of his art authorizes. And as the Institute is a tribunal from whose decision, in a question like this, there can be no appeal, I humbly submit for its consideration the following observations.

On one face of the vase Lafayette is represented as a Conqueror, declining to receive the sword of the captive English General, at the surrender of Yorktown to the combined army of the United States and France, and pointing to General Washington. This representation, besides making Washington a secondary figure in a scene of which he was the principal character, and actually obliterating the name of Count Rochambeau from an event in which he bore a conspicuous part, intimates that Lafayette was deemed, by the British army, the real conqueror of Cornwallis. But the history of the event referred to, presents a very different scene.

I have before me narratives of the siege of York, by four different authors, one French, one English, and two Americans, viz: *Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale* par M. l'Abbe Robin, (who was chaplain in Rochambeau's army); Tarleton's *History of the Campaigns of 1781 and '82*; Marshall's *Life of Washington*; and Lee's *Memoirs of the Southern Campaigns*. As these authors were present at the surrender, and represent the three nations concerned, their accounts, where they either concur or do not disagree, may be esteemed conclusive.

The following is the substance of their narrations: The combined army was drawn up in two lines fronting each other, on both sides of a road leading out of York; the Americans having the right.

At the extreme end of the American line, General Washington, the commander-in-chief, was stationed, attended by the officers of his staff and his principal generals; and opposite to him, similarly attended, was General Count Rochambeau. The captive army leaving their lines at the hour appointed, marched in column along the road and between the French and the American lines, under the conduct of General O'Hara, (afterwards taken by Bonaparte, at Toulon,) Lord Cornwallis being, or feigned to be, sick on the occasion. When the head of the British column reached the extremity of the French and American lines, a scene occurred which bears a remote resemblance to that represented in the vase, although it has no connexion with the name of Lafayette. It is thus described by one of the authors above mentioned, who was in the suite of Washington, and his account is substantially confirmed by the others. The author was present at this ceremony. "The captive army approached, moving slowly and in column, with grace and precision. The head of the column approached the commander-in-chief. O'Hara, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander-in-chief, and requesting further orders; when, quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. Washington, feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to General Lincoln, for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it moved under the guidance of Lincoln to the field selected for the conclusion of the ceremony." (That is, for the prisoners to lay down their arms.)

In this description, General Washington appears, as he really was, the conqueror, declining to receive the surrender, not the sword, of the captive general, and pointing to General Lincoln; while Lafayette, who was the personal friend of the author, is not even mentioned. The circumstances of the occasion attest the veracity of this account. Count Rochambeau, from his position, his high rank, his mature age, and splendid attendance, might well have been momentarily mistaken for the Commander-in-chief by General O'Hara, in the painful confusion of a surrender; while it is almost impossible for as many reasons, that Lafayette could have been the object of this mistake. If, as this author asserts, the mistake consisted in O'Hara's turning to the left for the purpose of saluting the Commander-in-chief, Lafayette was an American general, dressed in American uniform, commanding an American division, and must have been on the right. If it be supposed, in defiance of the testimony of these authors that a second mistake occurred, and that after O'Hara turned to the right, he advanced to General Lafayette, instead of General Washington, he must either have supposed that Lafayette was General Washington, or that General Lafayette, and not General Washington, was the commander-in-chief. The latter supposition is perfectly absurd; because, when the British General proposed to surrender, his letter was addressed to General Washington; and the former is not less so, inasmuch as the athletic form and ripened age of Washington were as well known in the British army, as in the

same army the extreme youth, slight person, and boyish face of Lafayette were proverbial. At the defeat and death of the British General, Braddock, a quarter of a century before, Washington, who was his aid-de-camp, had been greatly distinguished; and as it was but a few months previous to the surrender of York, that Lord Cornwallis, when pursuing Lafayette, wrote "the boy shall not escape me." If we carry the liberty of hypothesis still farther, and suppose that the British General intended to slight, and, if possible, mortify Washington, by affecting to surrender to a French officer as the conqueror, that design was fulfilled by his momentary approach to Count Rochambeau; while it was not likely that he would have chosen for the object of his simulated respect and submission, a Frenchman whose zeal in the cause of the revolution was regarded by the British as peculiarly obtrusive, and who had been ridiculed by Lord Cornwallis as a stripling.

This last supposition is, however, too much at variance with the character of the personages, and the juncture, to be entertained for a moment. Gen. O'Hara was a brave, honorable, straight forward officer, and as much above attempting such a trick, as Washington was above feeling it. Besides, it is to the last degree improbable, that O'Hara knew that by the terms of the capitulation, (see 1st Art.) he and his army were to be placed in the power of the Americans exclusively, he would venture, even had he been so inclined, on a contemptible juggle, which, if it could not insult the American General, might irritate his troops.

It thus appears that history and probability both reject this design of the artist.

It is worthy of remark, that the author, whose words I have quoted, makes mention of a sword being offered or declined on the occasion, and that Washington referred the captive general to General Lincoln for directions as to the ceremony to surrender. This account, besides the testimony of these eye witnesses in its favor, is corroborated in every particular by well known circumstances connected with the event.—When Lord Cornwallis proposed, in his letter of the 17th October, that his army "should be allowed the customary honors," General Washington, who knew that the year before, these had been refused to General Lincoln at the surrender of Charleston, replied, in his letter of the 18th, "the same honors shall be granted to the surrendering army as were granted to the garrison of Charleston." This consideration for the pride of General Lincoln, which, at Charleston, had been severely mortified, induced Washington to devolve on him the honor of receiving the surrender of York.

As the 4th article of the capitulation provides that "the officers shall retain their side arms"—or, as it was written in the French copy—"Les officiers garderont leurs épées—the silence of the narrative I have referred to, respecting the sword of the British General, is another proof of its accuracy. But as the engraver addresses himself to the eye, perhaps there was a sort of necessity for his representing the British General offering his sword, in order to mark the important relation between the parties of conqueror and captive. Yet with this freedom his license should have stopped; for Lafayette not only was not in the position in which he places him, but was as little likely to be in it, as any one of the general officers on the ground. He was at the head of a division of the besieging army; but so were Generals Lincoln, Steuben, Viomenil, and Nelson: men who, in age and appearance, were less unlike Washington than he was. He commanded a detachment which took by assault a redoubt on the besiegers' right; but General Viomenil commanded a larger detachment, which took by assault a stronger redoubt on their left. He had commanded a force opposed to Cornwallis, before Washington and Rochambeau arrived in Virginia; but during that period, his credit consisted not in conquering Cornwallis, but in escaping from him. He received the thanks of the Commander-in-chief and of Congress, for his services at the siege of York; but so did Generals Lincoln and Steuben, in an equal de-

gree; and in a higher degree Rochambeau, Chastellieux, Viomenil, Knox, and Du Portail. As to Washington, to him was assigned, both by enemies and friends, the place of conqueror, as he conceived the plan of acting against Cornwallis, commanded the combined army, directed the operations of the siege, and dictated the terms of surrender.

When the British General could no longer hold out, to Washington he offered his submission; and the Abbé Robin, in his reflections on the conduct of Lord Cornwallis, says, (p. 173,) "he enjoyed in the highest degree, the confidence of his own troops, and had rendered himself so formidable to his enemies, that they thought Washington was the only man fit to be opposed to him."

From these observations, which are supported by direct and collateral evidence, I trust the Institute will decide that the truth of history has not only been slighted, but outraged, in that one of the designs on the Lafayette vase, which is taken from the siege of York; and that were an American engraver to present Marshal Soult as a conqueror at Ulm, refusing to receive the sword of the captive Austrian General, and pointing to the Emperor, he could not do more injustice to the glory of Napoleon, than in this case has been offered by a French artist to the memory of Washington.

A copy of Marshall's life of Washington is in the library of the Institute; Tarleton's works may be referred to in the library of the Dépôt Général de la Guerre; and I have now the honor to present to the Institute, copies of the other two works cited in this letter.

(Signed)

H. LEE,
Member of the 1st Class
of the Historical Institute.

To the Secretary of the Historical Institute.

From the Washington Sun.

WASHINGTON.

We have often regretted that any thing should be said of this extraordinary man, whether good or bad, that is not strictly true. It is the name of a being who needs no adventitious, or fictitious adornment; a mighty column of jasper, polished to the highest degree, with only here and there a flaw, to show the world that he was mortal, that towers above all, and every thing that is great, and grand, and good, which posterity has revered and venerated. His character belongs to his countrymen, and every one should be particularly careful to preserve it as he himself made it; and not expect to add any thing to its value, by attributing to him acts, habits, and manners, that he never indulged in, merely that their productions may be read with particular zest by a wondering public, who will open their eyes with amazement, at some new delineation of character, that WASHINGTON was a stranger to, and that his most intimate friends know to be false. Any attempt to give additional lustre to his fame, is like "gilding fine gold," and an attempt to deteriorate from its full value, like a man destroying his own character in a paroxysm of madness.

We have been led to these remarks by perusing an extract from "General Sullivan's Letters on Public Characters," purporting to give "a description of the personal character and habits of Washington," which, so far from being what we have conceived of that great man, gives us the same sensation that one would experience in being translated from a warm and agreeable apartment, into an ice house, a feeling of chilliness runs through our veins, and our very finger ends tingle with cold, although Fahrenheit proclaims the temperature at 90° while we write. The extract alluded to follows:

"In his house his action was calm, deliberate, and dignified, without pretensions to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, and such as one would think it should be in such a man. When walking in the streets, his movements had not the soldierly air which might be expected. His habitual motions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior, and in the surveying of wilderness lands, employments in which grace and elegance were not likely to be acquired. At the age sixty-five, time had done nothing towards bending him out of his natural erectness. His deportment was invariably grave; it was

sobriety that stopped short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration, and a feeling of awe rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate, and not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose.

"It was the usage for all persons, in good society, to attend Mrs. Washington's levee every Friday evening. He was always present. The young ladies used to throng around him in conversation. There were some of the well remembered belles of that day, who imagined themselves to be favorites with him. As these were the only opportunities which they had of conversing with him, they were disposed to use them. One would think, that a gentleman and a gallant soldier, if he could ever laugh, or dress his countenance in smiles, would do so when surrounded by young and admiring beauties. But this was never so: the countenance of Washington never softened, nor changed its habitual gravity.

"One who had lived always in his family, said that his manner in public life, and in the seclusion of most retired life, was always the same. Being asked whether Washington could laugh, this person said, that this was a rare occurrence; but that one instance was remembered when he laughed most heartily at her narration of an incident in which she was a party concerned, and in which he applauded her agency. The late General Cobb, who was long a member of his family during the war, (and who enjoyed a laugh as much as any man could,) said, that he never saw Washington laugh, excepting when Colonel Scammel (if this was the person) came to dine at head quarters. Scammel had a fund of ludicrous anecdotes, and a manner of telling them, which relaxed even the gravity of the commander-in-chief."

Not satisfied with this cold and forbidding description of the *Pater Patrie*, we visited the seat of that true representative of Virginian hospitality, urbanity and politeness, GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CURTIS, Esq., and as soon as an opportunity offered, we propounded the question, to this hereditary preserver WASHINGTON's fame. He assured us that nothing was more fictitious; that WASHINGTON, in his private circle among his friends, was playful, and full of mirth. That in the performance of his public duties, he was calm, dignified and grave, but when his robes of office were laid aside, he joined in the laugh and the joke, with the same glee that would be expected from a man occupying the exalted station in the nation that he did. His fireside, instead of being the temple of awe and fear, was that of veneration, happiness, and joy.

From the American Monthly Magazine for July.

NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

The cry at sea of "a man overboard," is always one of the most startling and heart-appalling sounds that strikes upon the seaman's ear. Even the alarm of "rocks, or breakers," which threaten all with equal danger, seems to excite less anxiety than when one from among them is suddenly hurled into the midst of the broad ocean, there to struggle with the angry wave, which but too often proves his winding-sheet.

The moment the alarm is given, the cry is repeated through all parts of the ship, and is instantly followed by a rush of the officers and crew to the upper deck, where, unless the officer in command is perfectly cool and self-possessed, a scene of confusion is apt to prevail, which not unfrequently defeats the measures which are so necessary to rescue the unfortunate man from his perilous situation. I have myself known valuable lives to be lost from a want of promptitude and presence of mind in the officer of the deck, and also instances of a want of perseverance in the person sent in the boat. Of the latter, I remember a case so remarkable, that the relation of it may point out to some of my young naval friends the impropriety of returning unsuccessfully to the ship, until all hopes of saving the life of a fellow-being is entirely at an end.

In the early part of the late war with Great Britain—I believe in August, 1812, I was on board the frigate Essex, then on her return home from her first cruise. The weather had been mild and pleasant for several days, but with the change of the moon it became unsettled and squally, and bore every appearance of an August storm. We were in no haste, however, and therefore reefed our topsails every night, and made

such sail in the morning as the weather would permit. While cruising along in this easy and guarded manner, keeping a bright look-out for the enemy, and ready to make all sail in chase at any moment that we might hear the cheering sound of "sail ho," we were, one dark and gloomy morning, suddenly aroused by the cry of "a man overboard." The ship was instantly hove to, and orders promptly given to cut away the life-buoy, and to lower the lee-quarter boat. In another moment there were more than fifty heads above the hammock, cloths, and traffail, looking anxiously astern, and on both quarters, to discover the man in the water; but no object was to be seen, nor had any one heard the sound of a voice calling out for assistance.

"Who gave the alarm of a man overboard?" inquired the officer of the deck.

"The man at the mast-head," answered one of the foretopmen.

"Did you say there was a man overboard?" said the officer of the deck, hailing the mast-head through his speaking-trumpet.

"Yes, sir," replied the lookout.

"In what direction is he?"

"On the larboard bow, sir."

"On the larboard bow," muttered the officer of the deck to himself, "how can that be, when the ship was going at the rate of seven knots before she was hove to, unless we have fallen in with a mermaid or a merman?" But his musing was soon cut short, and all doubts of the lookout's report removed by hearing a voice, calling from a distance on the larboard bow, "ship ahoy!—send a boat—send a boat." The boat being all ready, was immediately sent off, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing the poor fellow taken out of the water and brought on board the ship. He was so weak with exertion, and benumbed by the cold, as not to be able to stand, until his limbs had been bathed in brandy, a little administered internally, and his whole person kept wrapt for some time in blankets. The kind attention of our surgeon soon revived his strength and spirits, and in answer to our inquiries he gave the following account of himself:

"My name is Thomas Robinson—I am one of the seamen belonging to a Richmond schooner, last from the West Indies, bound to the Capes of Virginia. At seven bells of the midwatch, we were struck by a heavy squall, which carried away the foretopmast in the cap, and as I was the first man aloft to furl the sail, as soon as it might be clewed down, I reached there just in time to go overboard with the broken spar. In my fall I struck against the fore-channels, which bruised my head and eye very much, as you see," pointing to his right eye, which was very much swollen, and surrounded by extravasated blood: "and I also became entangled among the loose rigging, to which I endeavored to hold on; but the craft seemed in such a hurry to get away from the squall, that she jerked every thing loose from my grasp, and soon left me astern, at the mercy of the winds and waves. As she passed me, I sung out at the top of my voice, 'a man overboard,' and immediately heard the captain give the order to clear away the boat. The squall was too heavy to permit them to heave the schooner suddenly to, and thus she ran some distance before the helm was put a lee; but at last I saw a light separate from her and slowly approach me. This I knew to be a light in the boat, and my heart bounded within me at the prospect of soon being on board again. But my joy was of short duration. The light, which had gradually grown brighter to my eye, seemed to have become stationary. Could it be possible that they intended to give up the search so soon, or did my too anxious eyes deceive me? I hailed the boat with the whole strength of my voice, but was too distant to be heard. After pulling about in several directions, she at last steered towards the schooner again; and when I saw the light fairly receding from me, my heart became a weight which seemed as though it would sink me at once. I determined, however, not to give way to despair, but to use all my exertions to keep afloat until day-light, in hopes that some other vessel might be near enough to see me, and come to my relief. This I knew was a slender chance, and scarcely sufficient to cherish hope; but drowning men will not only catch at straws, but hope even against hope.

"As the morning dawned I could see the schooner at a distance, gradually receding from my view, and eagerly did I search every part of the horizon for some

other object but in vain. Sometimes as a heavy swell would lift me above the tops of the waves around me, I could fancy that I saw a sail in the distance, but the next moment would destroy the delusion and leave me as hopeless and cheerless as before. At length, as the sun rose, and the clouds which veiled the horizon began to disperse, words cannot describe my joy on discovering this ship to the eastward, standing close hauled, so as to head almost directly for me. Once more my drooping spirits revived, and gave me additional strength to sustain myself in the water; but a moment's reflection warned me against being too sanguine, as so many circumstances might occur to change the ship's course, and lead her several miles distant from me. Two or three times the wind headed her off so far that I was afraid she would not come near me, but a favorable change would again bring her up so as to head towards me; thus at one moment driving me almost to the depths of despair, and at another, raising me to the highest pitch of hope. At length the wind became steady at southwest, and headed the ship off so far that I judged she would pass within a mile of me. She was at this time six or seven miles off, but being a good swimmer, I did not despair of being able to swim one mile to leeward before she should pass me. I therefore struck out with a good will, and had reached within a cable's length when I heard the lookout at the mast head call out 'a man overboard.' This, though a soul-sickening cry on most occasions, was now the most cheering sound I ever heard. I saw the extended hand of the lookout pointing towards me; the ship immediately hove to, and, in a few moments after, I was taken out of the water by the boat's crew."

It were needless to attempt a description of this poor fellow's feelings on finding himself once more safe on board ship, after having been in the water more than four hours, exposed to momentary danger of destruction, not only from the elements above and around him, but from the horrid monsters of the deep—the sharks beneath. What a contrast with those he must have experienced a few hours before, when he saw the boat sent in search of him lie on her oars—change her course, and then return to the schooner, leaving him in the midst of the broad ocean, without even a life-buoy, plank, or spar, on which to support himself in the water.

Here is a positive evidence of the truth of my former remark, that boats sent after men who have fallen everboard, do not persevere sufficiently in the object of their search. In the haste and confusion of heaving to and lowering the boat, time passes rapidly, and the ship runs a greater distance than is imagined; therefore, it is a good plan to pull twice as far as your judgment tells you the ship has run, and if nothing is still seen of the man, then to return by a devious course, which will give greater chances of recovering him than by retracing the same course back. I have known instances of men having been saved by this plan, therefore cannot too earnestly recommend a consideration of it to those whose chance it may be hereafter to perform such duty.

After a few hours rest, our new-comer became quite composed, and, dressed in his new man-of-war's uniform, walked about the deck chatting sociably with our seamen, as they were engaged at their different occupations; but whenever he spoke of the schooner, he seemed sad at the idea of being separated from his shipmates and friends on board, who were no doubt at that moment lamenting his melancholy fate.

Robinson was a man much above the ordinary class of seamen. He had received a good English education, but not liking the dull life of a landsman, served an apprenticeship on board a pilot-boat, and became a branch pilot for the James river. The irregular and laborious life of a pilot soon led him to dissipation, and he finally determined on a voyage to the West Indies, in the course of which he became perfectly steady in his habits again, and was considered by all the most active seamen on board the schooner, and, from his happy and cheerful disposition, the life of the crew.

The weather had now become settled and mild; a moderate breeze blew from the southwest, and all sail was made in chase of a vessel discovered ahead. We overhauled her rapidly, and as we approached, saw, by the loss of her fore-topmast, that it was the schooner to which Robinson belonged. Our commander, with the readiness which always characterized his generous spirit, immediately ordered one of the top-gallantmasts

to be got out from the booms, to be fitted as a topmast for the schooner, and several of our best seamen were directed to be ready to go on board to assist in rigging the mast. As soon as we were within hail, the main-topmast was backed and the boat lowered, and Robinson, with a heart so full that he could scarcely speak, took leave of us, and returned to his own vessel. As the boat touched the schooner's side, he was the first to spring on board, but his shipmates, not recognizing him in his new dress, only looked at him for a moment with the same idle curiosity that they did at the rest of the frigate's boat crew. He called them by name, but still they only stared at him with a look of mingled astonishment and incredulity, without advancing a single step to meet him.

"What!" said Robinson, "are you sorry to see me back among you again? If so, I will return to the frigate with these good fellows, who picked me out of the water this morning, more dead than alive."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the truth of his identity seemed suddenly to flash upon them, and they all gathered around him at once, with the most clamorous expressions of unfeigned joy at again beholding their friend and favorite, whom they verily believed at the bottom of the ocean. One old weather-beaten and rough-featured forecastleman came hurrying up towards him, with one of his iron hands extended, while with the other he dashed a tear from his eye, and seizing his shipmate by the hand with the delicate pressure of a vice, he attempted to speak, but his feelings for a moment denied him utterance. At last he faltered out in broken sentences—

"D—n it, Tom, I am glad to see you safe on board once more, for we all thought that the bloody sharks had piped to dinner on your carcass long before this. But come, let us go below and have a drop of grog, for we have all been as dull as the drone of a bagpipe ever since you took your unceremonious leave of us this morning in the squall."

They accordingly retired to the forecabin, drank their grog, and talked over the adventure, while the rest of the crew, assisted by our seamen, rigged the new mast, which happened to be of proper dimensions, and fitted as well as though it had been made for her. As soon as our boat returned, both vessels made sail on their different courses; and we afterwards heard that the schooner arrived safely at Egg-Harbor, having been prevented from entering the Capes of Virginia by the presence of a British squadron. H.

TREMENDOUS HAIL STORM.

Extract from the work recently published by the Harpers, from the pen of Commodore Porter, entitled "Letters from Constantinople":

"BUYUCDERE, August 3.

"An event anxiously desired by our country, for some ten or twelve years or more, took place this morning, the exchange of the ratification of the treaties between the United States and Ottoman Porte.

"On our way from the residence of the minister to meet the Reis Effendi, at Candalie, half way between this and Constantinople, and a few minutes after leaving the landing, I witnessed a scene the most awful and appalling that the imagination can depict.

"I believe I have described what a kaick is; it is a boat in form like an egg-shell, cut longitudinally, and almost as light and frail; the passengers sit on the bottom of the big end of the shell, and the boat is rowed by three stout rowers, each working two short oars. They are the lightest, the frailest, and the swiftest things that can be; more easily capsized and demolished than an Indian bark canoe, which they very much resemble, except that they are highly ornamental by delicate carved work and gaudy gilding.

"In a six-oared kaick, the American minister, his secretary, &c., and myself, with his kervoss, or guard, a fine looking Turk in full costume, except the turban, (for the Sultan, since the fall of the Janissaries, does not allow any one in his employ to wear the turban, nor does he wear it himself,) attaghan, pistols, and pipe, (pipe is part of full dress) started with the treaty and regalia of about thirty thousand dollars worth of snuff boxes, which you might have put in your coat pocket.

"We had got perhaps a mile and a half on our way,

when a cloud, rising in the west, gave indications of an approaching rain. In a few minutes we discovered something falling from the heavens with a heavy splash—and of a whitish appearance. I could not conceive what it was, but observing some gulls, I supposed it to be them darting for fish; but soon after discovered that they were large balls of ice falling. Immediately we heard a sound like rumbling thunder, or ten thousand carriages rolling furiously over the pavement. The whole Bosphorus was in a foam, as though heaven's artillery had been discharged upon us and our frail machine. Our fate seemed inevitable,—our umbrellas were raised to protect us; the lumps of ice stripped them into ribbons. We, fortunately, had a bullock's hide in the boat, under which we crawled, and saved ourselves from further injury. One man, of three oarsmen, had his hand literally smashed; another much injured in the shoulder; Mr. H. received a severe blow in the leg, my right hand was somewhat disabled, and all more or less injured.

"A smaller kaick accompanied, with my two servants. They were both disabled, and are now in bed with their wounds; the kaick was terribly bruised. It was the most awful and terrific scene that I ever witnessed, and God forbid that I should be ever exposed to such another. Balls of ice as large as my two fists fell into the boat, and some of them came with such violence as certainly to have broken an arm or leg, had they struck us in those parts.

"One of them struck the blade of an oar and split it. The scene lasted, maybe, five minutes, but it was five minutes of the most awful feeling that I ever experienced. When it passed over, we found the surrounding hills covered with masses of ice, I cannot call it hail; the trees stripped of their leaves and limbs, and every thing looking desolate. We proceeded on our course, however, and arrived at our destination drenched and awestruck. The ruin had not extended so far as Candalie, and it was difficult to make them comprehend the cause of the nervous and agitated condition in which we arrived; the Reis Effendi asked me if I was ever so agitated when in action? I answered no; for then I had something to excite me, and human means only to oppose. He asked the minister if he ever was so affected in a gale of wind at sea? He answered no; for then he could exercise his skill to disarm or render harmless the element. He asked him why he should be so affected now? He replied, 'from the awful idea of being crushed to death by the hand of God with stones from heaven when resistance would be vain, and where it would be impious to be brave.' He clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, 'God is great!'

"Up to this hour, late in the afternoon, I have not recovered my composure; my nerves are so affected as scarcely to be able to hold my pen, or communicate my ideas. The scene was awful beyond all description. I have witnessed repeated earthquakes, the lightning has played, as it were, about my head; the wind roared, and the waves at one moment thrown me to the sky, and the next have sunk me into a deep abyss. I have been in action, and seen death and destruction around me in every shape of horror; but I never before had the feeling of awe which seized upon me on this occasion, and still haunts and I feel will ever haunt me.

"I returned to the beautiful village of Buyucdere. The sun was out in all its splendor; at a distance all looked smiling and charming; but a nearer approach discovered roofs covered with workmen repairing the broken tiles; desolated vineyards, and shattered windows. My porter, the boldest of my family, who had ventured an instant from the door, had been knocked down by a hailstone, and had they not dragged him in by the heels, would have been battered to death. Of a flock of geese, in front of our house, six were killed and five dreadfully mangled. Two boatmen were killed in the upper part of the village, and I have heard of broken bones in abundance. Many of the thick brick tiles with which my roof is covered, are smashed to atoms, and my house was inundated by the rain that succeeded this visitation. It is impossible to convey an idea of what it was. Imagine to yourself, however, the heavens suddenly froze over, and as suddenly broken to pieces in irregular masses, of from half a pound to a pound weight, and precipitated to the earth. My own servants weighed several pieces of three-quarters of a pound, and many were found by

others of upwards of a pound. There were many which fell around the boat in which I was, that appeared to me to be as large as the swell of a large sized water decanter. You may think this romance. It is as true as Gospel, and I refer to Mr. ***** , who will be the bearer of this letter, who was with me and witnessed the scene, for the truth of every word it contains.

From the New York Transcript.

BURNING OF THE SHIP SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Captain Clark, of the Sir Walter Scott, arrived in this city on Saturday last, and proceeded yesterday morning to Boston. From his own lips we have received a full account of the burning of this gallant ship, an accident of a more extraordinary kind than has happened in the American seas for a long time past.

The Sir Walter Scott sailed from New Orleans on the 21st May, with a cargo of 1794 bales of cotton, eighteen seamen, and three passengers, one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, far gone into that interesting situation in which ladies are who love their lords. The ship was owned in Boston, was only two years old, and was valued at \$25,000. Her destination was Liverpool.

In coming down the Gulf Stream, this vessel encountered a heavy gale from the south west. The seas were running mountains high. On the morning of the 21st June, about eight o'clock, in latitude 31° 24', longitude 75° 43', when under double reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, to Charleston, South Carolina, a heavy peal of thunder broke over the gallant ship. It seemed as if the heavens had been rent asunder. The captain and his three passengers were in their cabins. The lady started up in a fright, and the captain jumped on deck in so much haste as to be without his shoes. The electric fluid had struck the foremast, ran into the forecabin where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing into pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft between deck and in the hold. The suddenness and force of the terrible blow made the vessel hang in suspense for a moment on the top of the billow. Every person was astonished, but no one yet knew the extent of the injury.

In a few minutes, the cry of "fire!" "fire!" "fire!" was raised, and the terror of that cry may be imagined—far at sea, surrounded with storms, and at the mercy of the enraged element. The seamen were almost struck senseless by the electric shock. This cry awakened them to a new sense of danger. The passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. H., was the only one whose courage rose up to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. "The long boat," "the long boat," was shouted. It was now six or eight minutes since the lightning had struck, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The captain now ran below, seized a cutlass and a pistol, came on deck, nerved himself to the occasion—"men," said he, "you never yet deserted me in danger—rouse yourselves now: I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty. Clear out the long boat—down with the gig—stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity." The lady jumped also on deck, with hair in disorder, stood by the captain, and appeared to be a very spirit of heaven animating the frailer mortals to their task.

The thunder-struck men, headed by the mate, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long boat, launched the gig, and then swung down the boat in the boiling ocean below. "Put the lady in the long boat," shouted the captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously—the flames bursting forth in all directions—her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. "Thank God," said the captain. Two disabled seamen, were placed near her—six others put into the gig. The captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship.

All were now in the boats. "Cut adrift—cast off," shouted the captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship and pushed out of her wake. "All is lost," said the captain, "but our lives are yet left us; we have another chance to live out the gale." The moment the long boat and the gig left the burning vessel, her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the light-

ning still flashed, the sea was roaring aloud, and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind and entirely at its mercy.

At last, in about fifty minutes from the first stake, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole gallant fabric of the Sir Walter Scott sunk down into the water, and was seen no more. "It's all over with the gallant Sir Walter," said the lady.

The captain, crew, and passengers now sailed for the coast. They had little provisions, every thing had been lost, and their prospect was gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other's company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn the next day, the captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight, and endeavor to get aboard, if possible. Accordingly a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail spread before the wind. "Mate," said the captain, "you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can." "Aye, aye, sir," said the mate.

Away started the gig on the swelling billows before the gale, with the mate at their helm. "What a cheering sight it was," said the captain; "she streaked, sir, over the billows like a forked lightning itself down the masts of the Sir Walter, now under, now above the waves."

In a short time, the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the Saladin, Humphries. She backed her yards. In another brief space, the long boat appeared; all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady, who in the greatest danger had cheered and animated the men at their task.

Captain Clarke, his crew, and passengers were landed at Norfolk. The captain himself had lost every thing on board. He had \$15,000 in English coin, but it went all to the bottom. When the people of Norfolk knew their situation, offers were made to raise a subscription, but he refused any aid of that kind. He sold his two boats, and with some private aid, paid all his own expenses and those of his men, and when he reached New York had just ten dollars in his pocket. This he presented to Mrs. Hamilton, who arrived in this city.

Capt. Clarke, throughout the whole of these horrible scenes, exhibited the highest gallantry and presence of mind. Such a man can provide against all ordinary accidents, but when the lightning of Heaven itself strikes a ship to the bottom, we must all submit in silence.

From the Maryland Republican.

NAVAL ACADEMY.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with unalloyed satisfaction that I read the proceedings of the "commissioned and warrant officers of the frigate Constitution, relative to the Naval Academy," and the observations of the New York editor, by which they are accompanied. Can stronger evidence of the necessity for such an institution be advanced, than is furnished by the declaration of the officers of the Constitution? Can a more powerful appeal be made to Congress in the behalf of an academy than the desire expressed by officers to obtain that "scientific knowledge" which is "indispensable to military seamen?" I think not. I have often reflected on the situation of midshipmen when afloat, and have always arrived at the opinion, that at such periods it is impossible for them to bend their minds or devote their time to useful study. When not actively employed in the discharge of their duties, or taking the repose necessary for the support of nature, where are they? Why crowded together in the steerage, where the bare circumstance of their being collected leads to an indulgence of that levity, which is inseparable from youth, and which is subversive of every disposition to improvement. When we look on, or think of, this class of officers, the majority of us are too apt to view them as humble *reefers*, and nothing more. We forget that they are young aspirants who are laboring to qualify themselves for commands, that they may become the supporters of the honor and rights of the country. Their purpose is noble, and the National Legislature is bound by patriotism to encourage and foster it. There is only one effectual way of doing this; and that is by the establishment of a naval academy. At such an institution there would be no ship's duty to call the midshipman from

his studies, and he would have room to pursue them retired from the mischievous, trifling, or worthless, should any such by chance or partiality make their way into it. At such an institution he would not only acquire a knowledge of those sciences, which it is necessary to understand to make him a skilful navigator, but he would acquire a habit of reading, a habit of thinking, and a thirst after information, that would be attended by a mental improvement, which future events might place him in situations to employ to the honor and profit of the country. English naval officers have not only had to fight battles, but they have had to dictate and negotiate treaties; and may not some of the striplings who now spread themselves on the yards of our men of war, in the course of time, be called on to do the same things for this country? Where is the wise man, who can see so far into the future, as to warrant him in giving a negative answer to this question? There is another happy effect which would result from a naval academy; youths who are too stupid to receive scholastic instruction, and too vicious to be kept at home, could no longer be pushed into the service by every father who happened to enjoy court favor. The examination which would precede admission into the academy, would form an insurmountable barrier to their entrance into the service, and the national honor would be saved from the danger of being exposed to the keeping of the indiscreet and incompetent.

The arguments which could be adduced in favor of the establishment of a naval academy are numerous and powerful; but it is altogether useless to argue for the promotion of a measure, which every body admits would be productive of wholesome effects to the nation; and which there is no serious diversity of opinion concerning, further than in relation to the place at which the academy ought to be placed. The idea of connecting it with the Military Academy at West Point, has been suggested; but that is absurd, and will never answer; to fix it there would make both establishments unpopular and sink them both—there would be an endless warfare between the students in the two institutions. Where, then, it will be asked, is the most eligible place to establish a naval academy? The question is readily answered—ANNAPOLIS is that place. It stands in a central State; is but a few hours' journey from the seat of the National Government; it is healthful, and exempt from the temptations to vice, which abound in larger cities. Superadded to these considerations, the deep and beautiful Severn, whose waves wash the northern limits of the town, presents a sheet of water, on which vessels might be used to afford students an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with much of the practical part of their profession. But why should I dwell on the superior advantages, which invite the planting of a naval academy at Annapolis? they are known to every intelligent man who has visited the place; and it is trusted, will not be forgotten by our Senators and Representatives in Congress, when the proposition to create a naval academy, is submitted to that body.

A FRIEND TO THE NAVY.

The following abstract from the proceedings and remarks referred to by our correspondent, in the foregoing article, we had extracted from the *Naval Chronicle*, before the proceedings themselves came to hand. There can be no question, as our correspondent justly observes, of the superior advantages possessed by Annapolis, as a site for a naval school. The North already enjoys one national institution. Maryland unites pretensions as a central situation, and as bordering as closely to the south, as a due consideration for exemption from autumnal diseases will allow—open to the most beautiful and spacious bay in the world, on the one hand, whose bosom is continually whitened with the inspiring sight of the busy shipping, employed in the commerce of the Chesapeake—and on the other, within two hours' travel of the Seat of General Government—under the very eye, as it were, of a superintending Congress, and at the very spot which is destined by its position to become the SEA PORT of the capital. That these advantages are appreciated by scientific officers both of our navy and army, we have had many positive proofs. That they will be overlooked when the time comes for a selection, we cannot allow ourselves to believe.—*Editor.*

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

From the letter of a traveller published in the Cincinnati Journal.

Above the mouth of the Missouri, the Mississippi is called the Upper Mississippi; from the mouth of the Ohio down, it is called the Lower Mississippi. It is singular that the two last should both be so entirely different from the Upper Mississippi, which is more beautiful than either. A person who have not seen all, can scarcely imagine three great rivers, all favorable to navigation by steam, so unlike each other.

The water of the Upper Mississippi, unless when glazed with ice, is never so transparent and colorless as that of the Ohio, when fed by springs alone, it steals slowly onward over its clean bed of gravel and sand. Nor is it ever muddy, like the same Ohio, when swelled by vernal showers, its deep waters rush rapidly onward as if hastening to mingle with the more turbid waters which flow from the Missouri. Ever clear, like rain water which has stood for some days in a vessel of wood, exposed to the direct rays of the sun, these waters have a slight tinge which appears blackish or red according to the light in which they are viewed. This stain is supposed to be occasioned by the decaying grass of the prairies, whence it flows.

Imagine a sheet of water, such as I have described, 800 miles long, and from one to three or four broad, spotted with innumerable islands of various sizes, some containing several thousand acres, some only large enough to sustain a few willow bushes. Such is the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the St. Croix, above which it becomes as narrow as the Ohio.

This immense sheet of water is moving towards the Gulf of Mexico, at the rate of about one mile per hour. Vessels in the best channels, if not kept back by wind, float onward with more than double this speed, but what I have mentioned is about the average progress of the water, as ascertained by the time a rise of water is passing from one place to another at a considerable distance below.

The hills, or as they are here called, bluffs of that river, are of moderate height. Below Galena, none are seen from the river which appear higher than those on the Ohio, near Cincinnati. Between Prairie du Chien and Lake Pepin, some obtain the height of six or eight hundred feet, and these are the highest on the river. Above Lake Pepin their height above the river becomes less and less to the falls of St. Anthony, above which they disappear.

The valley between these hills is in most places four or five miles wide. In some it is more than twice this breadth; in none is it less than two.

Nearly all the land in this valley, whether insulated or not, is alluvial, consisting of black loam and sand, without rocks or clay. In it are some extensive prairies, but most of it is thickly wooded. Most of it is very fertile, but subject to be overflowed. As the floods in this river occur in summer, this circumstance is likely to prevent most of them from being cultivated. But the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, are strikingly manifested, even by those things which, at first, appear to us short sighted creatures as evils. Were these low grounds elevated a few feet more above the water, men of the present generation would destroy the trees which the God of nature has planted for the benefit of their offspring. He has provided that these groves shall remain to future ages, to adorn the beautiful river, shelter its placid water from the restless wind, which sweep over the western prairies, and afford fuel and timber for the steamboats, which shall ply on its bosom, and the cities which shall grace its gently rising shores.

The rapids which now obstruct the navigation, will ere long be passed with ease by means of canals, and when sufficient canals shall have been made round them, they will afford water power of immense value to future manufacturers. The fall in the lower rapids is 25 feet 9 inches, in 12 miles. In the Upper or Rock Island Rapids, it is 29 feet in 16 miles.

Lake Pepin, 800 miles above St. Louis, is formed by the water seizing almost the entire valley for 21 miles. Keating, in his account of Long's expedition to the head of the St. Peter's, gives the above as its length, and says it is from one to three miles wide; on an average two and a half. If this river is in other parts as wide as it is said to be, it appears to me the lake must be considerably larger than this account makes it. It

has no islands, and on most parts of its coasts its waters wash the base of the steep hills several hundred feet high. The water is deep and without a perceptible current, but easily ruffled by wind. A breeze which scarcely produces a discernible rippling in the rivers or in the lake, raises such waves as are dangerous to small craft. Canoes are frequently detained several days, and sometimes weeks, before they can find it calm enough to pass from one end to the other.

From the Maryland Republican.

The following list of general and field officers, in the handwriting of the late Colonel Baker Johnson, of Fredericktown, now in my possession, who were commissioned by Mathew Tilghman, president of the convention, in the month of January, 1776, as appears by the commission of Colonel James Johnson, dated Annapolis, the third day of January, 1776, and contemporaneous with the rest, shows who and what families in Maryland were the most prominent in asserting the cause of freedom, and risking their lives and property in its defence.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

- 1st. Thomas Johnson, (afterwards first Governor,)
- 2d. Colonel Hooper,
- 3d. John Dent,
- 4th. James L. Chamberlain,
- 5th. Andrew Buchanan.

FIELD OFFICERS.

Upper District, Frederick County.

- 1st. John Stull, Colonel,
Andrew Rench, Lieut. Colonel,
Henry Shryock, First Major,
Ely Williams, Quartermaster,
- 2d. Samuel Beall, Colonel,
Jo. Smith, Lieut. Colonel.

Middle District.

- 1st. Charles Beatty, Colonel,
William Beatty, Lieut. Colonel,
Ludurch Weltner, First Major,
Benjamin Johnson, Second Major,
Louis Bush, Quartermaster,
James Johnson, Colonel,
Joseph Wood, Lieut. Colonel,
Benjamin Ogle, First Major,
Roger Johnson, Second Major,
Azul Waters, Quartermaster,
- 3d. Jacob Good, Colonel,
William Blair, Lieut. Colonel,
Samuel Shaw, First Major,
William Shields, Second Major,
Samuel M. Phillip, Quartermaster,
- 4th. Baker Johnson, Colonel,
William Luckett, Lieut. Colonel,
Jacob Miller, First Major,
Henry Darnall, Second Lieutenant,
Nicholas Tice, Quartermaster.

Lower District.

- 1st. John Murdoch, Colonel,
Thomas Johns, Lieut. Colonel,
Richard Brooke, First Major,
William Deakins, Second Major,
R. Thompson, Quartermaster,
- 2d. Zadoch Magruder, Colonel,
Charles G. Griffith, Lieut. Colonel,
Francis Deakins, First Major,
Richard Crabb, Second Major,
Samuel Duvall, Quartermaster.

Thus we see that five Johnsons held the most conspicuous militia stations in the State, at a time when the darkest gloom hung over the destinies of America, all of whom served under General Washington, in the most trying time of the war, the winters of 1776 and 1777, a number not equalled by any family in the State; there were many others equally meritorious, among whom I recollect Captain Huzz Luckett, Captain Roger Nelson, and his brother Dr. John Nelson, a surgeon, Captain William Beatty, Sen., Captain John Ross, Reg. Colonel, and Captain Price, Major Hardwar, Captain Philemon Griffith, Majors Boltzell, Captain T. Beatty, Lieut. Colonel Beatty who was killed at the battle of Camden, S. C., and John Hellen, nephew of Governor Johnson, who died when attached to the flying camp. After their term of service ex-

pired, the Johnsons, Beattys, and Lucketts, were the most active revolutionary or whig partizans in Frederick county, and filled the militia and civil offices of the State, until the end of the war. The Johnsons were engaged in furnishing supplies of bombs and shot for the American army, for which they received only continental money, every day depreciating, and affording no compensation, and were principally instrumental, with the Beattys and Lucketts, in putting down toryism which had risen to an alarming height in the Middle Town and Harbaugh Valleys, in Frederick county. Chancellor Hanson, Upton Sheredine, and Colonel James Johnson, composed the special court which tried and condemned three Traitors who were executed under the gallows in Frederick Town, which put an end to open opposition to the American cause in Frederick county.

AN OLD SEVENTY-SIXER.

Of Frederick County.

OLD SOLDIERS.—Happening in Ipswich on the 17th instant, the anniversary of the Bunker Hill battle, we were favored with a sight which we never again expect to witness. It is the custom of the young men in the place, on the return of this anniversary, to give the old soldiers of the revolution a dinner. On this occasion were assembled between twenty and thirty, grey headed, venerable men, (all belonging to Ipswich) who took a part in the glorious struggle for independence. They are mostly over eighty years of age—one was ninety-eight, one ninety-six, and another was ninety-three. Their heads were silvered, and their feeble limbs tottering; but when they spoke of battles lost and won, they warmed up, and exhibited an energy which one would suppose would carry them through many years. This band of patriots is fast disappearing. Seven, we think, who were present at the last anniversary, were not to be seen at this. Some had paid the debt of nature, and turned to dust; while disease and decrepit old age forbade that others should join in further festivities. And so it is. The relics of that noble band of heroes are dropping here and there into the silent grave, and the time will come, when we shall have to listen to other lips for the rehearsal of those deeds of daring which gave a character to the revolutionary army—when the voices of all who participated, will be silent in death. Until that shall be the case, until the last is gathered to his home, let them be cared for and honored. They are the remnants of another and better age; an age characterized by great darkness—but in proportion as that was dark, let their setting sun shine out in brightness.—*Dunstable, N. H., Tel.*

SHIP THOMAS BENNET.—We yesterday, with a number of others, partook of an elegant entertainment given on board the new ship *Thomas Bennett*, Captain HUAGE, now nearly ready to embark on her first voyage to London, and lying at Vanderhorst's wharf. This vessel, as a fine specimen of naval architecture, has been already noticed in the papers of this city. The elegance of her model and the superiority of her workmanship struck all observers when she was launched; but a close inspection of her entire outfit and equipment, of the excellent materials of which she is constructed, and her beautiful proportions, as she sits swan-like in her native element, have enhanced the admiration with which she was originally viewed. The T. B. is about 500 tons burthen, and she measures on deck 127 feet, breadth of beam 30 feet, depth of hold 20 feet, and length of keel 116 feet. We need not say that the enlightened zeal of her enterprising owners, in thus prosecuting this undertaking to its completion, entitles them to the full credit of a successful rival of the art of shipbuilding in our port, as their example, we hope, may rekindle among us the flagging spirit of maritime adventure.—*Charleston S. C. Patriot.*

THE AMERICAN RIFLEMEN IN 1780.—How long and pensively would the fatalist dwell upon an anecdote, related by Colonel Lee, in his *Memoirs of the War in the Southern States*. "It was," says the Colonel, "a practice with the Rifle Corps, who were the best marksmen in the army, to stick an apple on the end of a ramrod for their comrades to fire at; and the apple was rarely missed. At the affair of the Reedy Fork, twenty-five of their riflemen were placed in a

log house on our side of the creek, with orders not to take part in the skirmish, but to hold themselves in reserve for particular service—in plain English, to pick off the officers. The advance of the British was quickly driven back by the heavy fire of musquetry that was poured upon them, and were in confusion, when a field officer galloped up, and calling to the troops in a loud voice to follow him, rushed into the creek, several of the soldiers holding on to his stirrup leathers. The work of the riflemen now commenced. Each man thrusting the muzzle of his piece between the logs, which had been loop-holed for the purpose of pushing out the clay with which their interstices had been stopped, took aim at the officer and fired. In this way more than thirty single shots, aimed by hitherto unerring hands, were levelled at him at half distance, yet he escaped unhurt! That evening, when the prisoners were brought to Guil Green for examination, we asked who the officer was that led the way so gallantly in crossing the creek, and were informed that it was Colonel Webster, of the thirty-third." The reflection made by Colonel Lee on this remarkable occurrence is a very natural one. "How inscrutable," says he, "are the ways of Providence! This brave officer, who seemed to carry a charmed life, was, nevertheless, doomed to fall a few days after in a general action, and by a shot which there was little reason to believe was particularly aimed at him."

NAVAL.—The Boston Commercial Gazette says, the Independence 74, which had been lying in ordinary at the navy yard in Charlestown, if we remember right, about fourteen years, was hauled alongside the wharf a few days since, preparatory to a thorough overhauling and repair. She is now discharging her kentledge and will probably be taken into dock about the middle of August, previous to which the Navy Commissioners are expected to arrive, on their annual tour of examination. The outer and inner plank are already, in many places, stripped off, being found very defective, and this will probably be the case to the water line; but what is of far more consequence, the timber composing the frame of the vessel, although it will undoubtedly require being renewed in some few places, is, generally speaking, sound, and in excellent order.

The Independence was launched in Charlestown, from the same shiphouse under which the Vermont is now upon the stocks, about twenty or twenty-one years ago, and was the first 74 afloat belonging to our navy. She is lighter we believe than either of the others, and is considerably smaller than any that are now upon the stocks, and shows a battery of only 45 guns, having none in her waist. She is to be repaired forthwith, but will not probably be ready for the service much short of a year.

The sloop of war Boston, built at this yard about ten years ago, has just been refitted, having undergone a thorough overhauling and repair in the dry dock, whence she has recently been taken.

The Boston is of the largest size, mounting twenty-four 24-pounder medium guns, and is now to all outward appearance, with the exception that her sails are not bent, ready for sea, and is only waiting for orders. She is one of the most beautiful vessels we ever set our eyes on, and will be a credit to our navy wherever she goes.

PACIFIC OCEAN,
Lat. 5 N. S., Lon. 109° W.

DEAR MOTHER: Having a good opportunity to write, I improve it, and state that through the interposition of a kind Providence my life has been miraculously spared, and I am able to write to you. Four weeks ago I was very seriously hurt by a whale. The whale stove all three of our boats, and got me in his jaw, knocked about one half the scalp off my head, but did not affect my skull. He struck two teeth in my breast, and one in each thigh, one wound was six inches long and two deep, and he went off with four irons fastened to him. I suppose, dear mother, this was one of the narrowest escapes from death ever known, and so little hurt! not a bone broken! And I have so far recovered as to be about, and Captain Hussey thinks I shall be able to attend to duty and my boat again in two weeks. This, dear mother, you may suppose will be a small satisfaction to me; but I assure you that I had rather be in a boat fast to a whale than any where else. My captain and mate have been

father and brother to me since my injury, and I doubt whether there ever was a ship sailed the seas with such good officers as we have.

We have got sixteen hundred barrels of oil, and hope soon to get six hundred more, and be turning our faces homewards, in the course of six or eight months. We have got fifteen whales to the waste-boat, which I had the pleasure of steering. I have killed seven whales with my irons. I should write you some more, my dear mother, at this time, but they have hoisted signals for whales at the mast head, and I am in hopes we shall get three.

Your affectionate son,
AUGUSTUS HALE.

St. Louis, June 20.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF THE DRAGOONS.—We understand that the detachment of Dragoons under command of Lieutenant Colonel KEARNY, at Camp des Moines, were to leave that post on the 7th of June, on their summer excursion, as directed in general orders. A letter from thence states, that all were well provided and anticipating a delightful jaunt. The officers who accompanied the expedition were Lieutenant Colonel KEARNY, commanding; Capt. BOONE and BROWNE; Lieutenants SHAMBURGH, LEA, and TURNER; and Surgeon WRIGHT. Very few invalids were left at Camp des Moines. It was not expected that the detachment would return before the first of October.—*Republican*.

Foreign Miscellany.

Duels are multiplying in the French army to a fearful degree. The colonel and the lieutenant colonel of a regiment of dragoons fought the other day at Epinal; both were wounded. A Paris letter states that several duels were fought every every day by soldiers of regiments in garrison in the capital. At Rennes duels between the soldiers of the 33d regiment of the line and the 4th artillery were "multiplying" in a deplorable manner.—*United Service Gazette*.

MILITARY SCHOOLS IN AUSTRIA.—These consist of the Academy of Engineers in Vienna, established in 1717, in which 79 pupils are gratuitously educated; the Military Academy at Wiener-Neustadt, for 327 pupils, who are all educated at the public expense, and 117 pupils, for whom the states of the several provinces have founded endowments; the Military Academy at Waitzen, in Hungary, for 200 pupils; the Cadet Companies or Schools at Olmutz and Gratz, each of which receives from 124 to 134 youths; several schools of Artillery; the Military College or Academy in Milan; 48 seminaries for the education of the sons of military officers and soldiers; 54 regimental schools; a Military Geographical Institution in Milan; the Medico-Chirurgical Academy of St. Joseph at Vienna, for the formation of medical officers; the Veterinary School in the same capital; and the Academy for educating Gunsmiths at Steyer, in Upper Austria.—*Ibid*.

AUSTRIAN ARMY.—The peace establishment amounts to 272,204 officers and privates, namely—Cavalry, 34,970; Infantry, 196,377; and Artillery, inclusive of Engineers, Sappers and Miners, Artificers, Pontoon-men, and Train, 30,877. For the purpose of keeping this force at its full complement, a particular district, containing from 300,000 to 500,000 souls, is appropriated as a recruiting-ground to each of the German, Illyrian, Gallician, and Italian regiments. Every male, whether peasant or citizen in these districts, is liable to the ballot; subject to do duty in the regiments of the line, if not under 19, or not above 29 years of age; and if above the latter age, and not upwards of 50, liable to be called out for the Landwehr or militia. There are no exemptions, excepting in the cases of the nobility and clergy, and in certain contingencies, such as a family being wholly dependent on the labor of a male relative, &c. On the other hand, the Hungarian and Transylvanian troops are recruited by bounty, or by certain quotas of men, which noblemen of landed property and the royal free towns are bound to furnish. In what are called "The Military Frontier Provinces," every male person capable of doing service is liable, and, in fact, they are all under arms. The period of service, in all but the Hungarian regiments, is eight years.—*Ibid*.

WASHINGTON;

THURSDAY,.....JULY 23, 1835.

SENTENCE OF CAPTAIN READ.

Captain Read, of the navy, was tried upon five distinct charges, each having three specifications.

Charge first.—Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Second.—Oppression.

Third.—Cruelty.

Fourth.—Scandalous conduct.

Fifth.—Violation of the 30th article of the act for better government of the Navy of the United States.

Upon the first charge, the court found him "guilty under the charge itself of conduct unbecoming an officer, but not guilty of that part which charges him with conduct unbecoming a gentleman."

The court also found him guilty of the *second* and *fifth* charges; guilty of all the specifications of the *third* and *fourth* charges, but not guilty of the charges themselves. "Upon this finding the court do hereby sentence the accused, Captain George C. Read, to be suspended from the service of the United States for one year."

This decision was made by the court on 1st July, and the sentence approved by the Navy Department on the 20th.

The court martial, in the case of Purser Zantlinger, adjourned on Tuesday last.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY returned to Washington on Monday last.

If we understand the subject aright, it is the practice in the British navy for the commanders of ships of war to appoint their own midshipmen, or at least a certain proportion of them; hence it may be said that the number is unlimited, and this may be the leading obstacle in the way of promotion. After a midshipman is examined and found qualified, there is no implied obligation to promote him; that must depend on the favor he can obtain at court. So also with respect to the higher grades. It is not rare to hear of midshipmen and lieutenants, of from 30 to 40 years standing, who have abandoned the hope of promotion, because they have no influential friends to press their claims.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, whenever extraordinary merit or conspicuous bravery is manifested, it is sure to meet its reward, let the individual hold what rank he may in society. The first lieutenant of a vessel that had achieved a victory over an enemy of equal force, was certain to receive a commission as commander, and the officer who had the good fortune to command the victorious vessel might expect to be immediately thereafter posted.

The British editors themselves do not seem to understand the rule of appointing midshipmen, if we may judge from the following paragraph from the London United Service Gazette of June 8:—

"We should like to know the principle, if any, upon which the number of midshipmen on board our ships of war is determined; and should be glad to ascertain the opinions of intelligent naval officers as to the necessity of the existing number in the service. It is really a most cruel system to permit young gentlemen to enter the service to act as midshipmen, when there is no reasonable hope that they (with the exception of a very few who have interest) will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant until they shall have advanced to the middle period of life. It is desirable, for their

own sakes, to diminish the number of aspirants for promotion; the disappointment and misery caused by the melancholy slowness with which preferment comes, would thus be very much diminished, and the Admiralty relieved from an immense deal of unpleasant difficulty in the discharge of its important functions. It must continually happen that the respective claims of midshipmen anxious for promotion, are such as to render it extremely difficult to determine upon the individual who in justice ought to be preferred; and this, too, in cases where all have a moral right to demand promotion at the hands of their country—a right which is founded upon a long, arduous, and honorable course of duties in the capacity of 'passed midshipmen.' We are particularly anxious to see this evil removed: if, therefore, the country cannot afford to increase the present half-pay list, nor hold out fair hopes of promotion to young gentlemen entering the naval service, it is of the greatest importance that the number of midshipmen employed should be only such as would be in some degree commensurate with the opportunities of advancement."

Apropos.—How would the following story read, if related of Americans? Though probably but a fancy sketch, it has so much *vraisemblance* about it as to be one of not unfrequent occurrence.

PATRONAGE.—"Well, well, sir, he shall have his promotion, he shall have it as soon as he has passed his examination," was the reply of a noble lord, once in office, to the pressing importunities of a parent, anxious for the advancement of an only son in the royal navy. "And here, sir," continued his lordship in the same kind tone, "here Mr. —, d'ye see, he shall take a letter from me to his passing captains." A minute or two completed the letter, which was sealed, and placed, by his lordship, in the hands of the young hero, with particular injunctions to deliver it to Captain — himself, when he went to pass, *before* his examination was commenced. Elated with their success, both father and son departed from the Admiralty; the latter confiding in his abilities to be a match for his passing captains, and the former satisfied that the letter of the noble lord would help him over any difficulty in the way of his passing. The day of examination arrived, and off started our hero to Somerset House with his logs under his arm, and, with many others for the same purpose, was ushered in his turn into the presence of his judges. But scorning the idea of depending on favor to help him through his examination, he kept his passport letter to himself, till he had replied so satisfactorily to the questions put to him, that he was complimented on his proficiency, and told he had passed,—whereupon he delivered his letter. The next levee day found the two visitors at the Admiralty, and in due time they were conducted to the presence of the same noble lord. "Well, Mr. — has your son passed yet?" was immediately asked: "Yes, my lord, and ready for the honor of your lordship's patronage!" "The devil he is," said his lordship half to himself, "and pray, sir," addressing the youth, "did you do as I desired you? did you deliver that letter to Captain —?" "As soon as I had passed, my lord," was the reply. "Why, sir, I told you to give it him before!" "Yes, my lord," returned the young man; "but if an officer gets a ship into irons at sea, your lordship's letter would not have helped him out of the scrape, so I tried my hand at it before I had recourse to your lordship's kindness." "Kindness!" said his lordship, in a disappointed tone, and he turned away half angrily, but seeing that he had been inadvertently outwitted, with that good humor for which he was well known, he frankly told the father, while he excused it on the score of numerous applications, that the letter would have prevented, instead of assisting, his son's passing. It is due to his lordship's discernment to add, that the young man very shortly received his commission, and an appointment to a fine frigate.—*United Service Journal.*

GENERAL SCOTT AT PRINCETON.—The following incident is related by a correspondent of the Richmond Whig, in connection with some interesting reminiscences of General Scott's gallantry during the late war. The writer says:

"At the late commencement of that College, held in September last, while the customary collegiate exerci-

ses were performing, the trustees were accidentally informed that General Scott had alighted at the opposite tavern, on his way to Baltimore. It was instantly proposed to invite him to the commencement. A deputation of the trustees was accordingly sent over, who soon returned with the General. He was respectfully received by the trustees, and seated among them on the stage. The audience expressed the strongest symptoms to break forth in a tumultuous applause; which was with difficulty restrained, by a sense of the decorum due to the place and the occasion. The valedictory orator now ascended the stage; it happened that the subject of his oration was the character of a patriotic and heroic soldier, in which he had introduced an apostrophe to an imaginary personage, whom he depicted as a bright example of military virtue. With admirable presence of mind, and great elegance of manner, the young orator suddenly turned and addressed this to Scott. The effect was electrical; bursts of long, reiterated and unrestrained applause broke forth on all sides. Even grave and learned divines, men whose studies and habits of mind were little in unison with feelings of this nature, were hurried away and overcome by the animating and kindling sympathy which surrounded them. With some difficulty the tumult of applause was hushed, and the president rose to confer the doctorates in law and divinity, and other honorary degrees.

In the meanwhile, one of the trustees had proposed to the rest, that an honorary degree should be conferred on their illustrious visitant. It was asked whether General Scott's literary acquirements were such as to render this compliment appropriate. A gentleman from Virginia, to whom he was personally known, replied, (as is the fact) that, besides possessing the general information of a well educated man, he was remarkable for his accurate and extensive acquaintance with English literature. The proposal was instantly assented to, and communicated to the president, who concluded the list of literary honors, by announcing that the honorary degree of Master of Arts, was conferred upon Major General Winfield Scott. It is unnecessary to add, that the building again rang with the enthusiastic applause of the audience. This compliment, so spontaneous, so appropriate, so well-timed, was worthy of a college which can boast of numbering in the long list of her sons, many of the most brilliant and distinguished men of their country, in every walk of public life."

MOVEMENTS OF THE DRAGOONS.—Information has been received, via Fort Gibson, from Major Mason, to the 8th June. On the 2d he had established his camp on a small branch of the Canadian, which empties into that river on the north side, and on the western border of the Cross Timbers, about 150 miles from Fort Gibson; he finds there an ample supply of pure spring water, good grazing for his horses, buffalo in abundance, and timber sufficient to furnish shade to protect his men and horses from the heat of the sun.

ARRIVALS AT WASHINGTON.

July 16—Capt. C. M. Thruston, Third Artillery, at W. A. Bradley's.
15—Capt. C. Wharton, Dragoons, at Brown's.
16—Capt. G. S. Drane, 2d Art'y, at Fuller's.
17—General H. Atkinson, 6th Infantry, Gadsby's.
20—Col. W. J. Worth, Ordnance, at Fuller's.
16—Capt. M. P. Mix, Navy, do
Lieut. E. Ridgeway, do do
20—Purser McK. Buchanan, Navy, Mr. Mason's, Georgetown.

NAVAL.—It is rumored that Commodore MORRIS will be ordered to the *North Carolina* 74, at present undergoing repairs at the navy yard, Gosport. That Commodore ELLIOTT, will be detached from the *Constitution* and take the place of Commodore MORRIS at the navy board. Captain SHUBRICK, will be ordered to the *Constitution*. Purser ERTING has also been

detached from the *Constitution*, and Purser JOHN N. HAMBLETON ordered to that ship.

We find the above in a Baltimore paper; with the exception of the change of pursers they are mere rumors, and not to be relied upon.

THE WALTER SCOTT.—We published on Saturday an account of the burning of the ship *Walter Scott*, taken originally from the *New York Morning Herald*. We were surprised to find in the *Atlas* of the same morning a contradiction of the story in most of its particulars, at the request of Captain Clark; but we were still more astonished at the appearance of Captain Clark himself, who came in to request us to insert the contradiction from the *Atlas*. He states that he gave no account to the editor of the *Herald*, or any one else in New York. The only account he has given for publication was a very short one published in the *Norfolk Beacon*. The stories of the pistol and the cutlass, and of the \$15,000, are altogether fabulous. All the money on board was eighty-nine dollars belonging to the captain, and seventeen pounds of English currency, to be transmitted to Liverpool. The writer of the story in the *Morning Herald* must have been more ambitious of a character for fanciful embellishment, than desirous of communicating accurate information.—*Boston Courier.*

Communications.

FORWARD OFFICERS IN THE NAVY.

Forward officers on board ships of war are the boatswains, gunners, carpenters and sailmakers, and at present a great deficiency exists in these grades. The liberal provision now made by the Government for all classes in the navy, would naturally lead the public to suppose, that all stations would be filled by men of character and talent. Hitherto this has not been the case; there are only four boatswains, six gunners, six carpenters, and two sailmakers, who have served as such for ten years. Of the numbers who have been appointed, eighteen only remain; the rest have either been dismissed for misconduct, or have died, in many cases prematurely, brought on by dissolute habits.

This may be accounted for when it is known that these men, generally, have had little or no education, and I believe it is admitted that the ignorant and illiterate are ever the most addicted to vicious propensities. There are a few in each of the above stations, who are worthy of the trust reposed in them, and as I am personally acquainted with them, I take pleasure in certifying to their abilities and worth. These men have, by strict attention to their duty and upright deportment, become an honor to their country, the service, and themselves. On the contrary, there are others, who, by their disgraceful conduct, have injured their whole grade. When acting appointments have been given, or persons recommended to the Department for such, education has seldom or never been considered a requisite; common marine-spike practice has been deemed sufficient. In the event of a war, before our ships on foreign stations could return home, it might become absolutely necessary to make a quantity of fire-works, to be used as night signals in a fleet, or singly; as the quantity furnished when the ship fits out, is very limited. This duty would devolve on the gunner, and few there are in the service, at present, that are equal to the task, as it requires the most scrupulous and exact calculation, and a perfect knowledge of the qualities of the various ingredients to be used, to produce the desired effect. Mr. Marshall's small work on Naval Gunnery, would materially assist a gunner in such a case; yet there would still be much left that an uneducated man could not overcome; hence the positive necessity for the persons appointed to these stations, to be men of education. The science of naval gunnery has never been thought of by our gunners; they can clinch a gun-breeching, or strap a gun-tackle-block, and this is the extent of their knowledge. Added to this, the boatswains and gunners generally fall into the worst of all vice—intemperance; and when a carpenter or sailmaker enters the service, a pernicious example is thereby set them; and, as they are entirely ignorant of the customs of a ship, they watch the motions of their seniors, draw half a pint of ardent spirits in the morning and drink it before noon.

This creates a wish for more, and at the end of a cruise they are as practised hands at a bottle as the most sanguine *bon vivant* would wish to associate with. I have known young men ruined in three years by such examples; for it is only by degrees that the heart is tempted to transgress. When one false step is taken, we are easily advised to take a second and a third; the good barrier between virtue and vice is then broken, and finally we fall. When men of this grade get drunk once, and are censured by the captain or first lieutenant for so doing, they commit the same crime again, if for no other purpose than to show their messmates that they are not afraid to do it.

Instead of dismissal, which the law expressly directs for the punishment of such offences, suspension from duty, detention on board, &c., is often resorted to by captains; but I have seldom seen any good effects arise from such lenity; for whenever a crime is recommended, forgiveness ceases to be a virtue. The real fact is, when a man once gets in the habit of drinking to excess, a vessel of war is not a fit place to work a reformation in; the only favor that could be done, to one so lost to a sense of what was due to him, would be to dismiss him entirely from the service. The shame of the expulsion might open his eyes to his error, and if not, 'twere better that he should be a burden to himself, than to the public. On foreign stations, our naval officers are the representatives of our people, and if one of these is seen drunk in the streets, the inhabitants do not consider whether he has the strap of a lieutenant on his shoulder, or the small uniform button of a forward officer on the sleeve; nor should difference of rank be any excuse. Officer and gentleman ought to be synonymous terms, and the one inseparable from the other. Often one man's fault is visited upon a whole mess, and when permission is asked for any particular indulgence it is often denied, simply because one would abuse it. There is a meritorious officer now in the Boston yard that was punished a whole cruise on account of his messmates; he could not have liquor or wine on board to treat his friends when they came to see him, without sharing it with his messmates, and they generally took a large share of old Jack C's wine and good things, and finally he was obliged to live like a hermit and deprive himself of every little luxury, simply because his messmates would get him in a *hobble*, by abusing the liberty that a kind first lieutenant could not feel in his heart to withhold from one as much respected as J. C. None of the above remarks are personal; for the deserving they are not intended; the worthless will confess the justice of them, and may escape the fate that awaits them by reforming, while time is left them.

BARNEY.

THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS.

MR. EDITOR:—At last we have been favored with a sight of the new "Military Tactics," as it is termed "behind its back," and "Infantry Tactics by Authority," on its face. It appears in an handsome dress of blue and gold; has some fine engravings, *à la Retch*, which do not correspond with the descriptions in the body of the work—a vignette which is so elegantly designed that we cannot forbear giving a description of it as well as we are able.

The national bird, under a crown of laurel, is perched upon a drum, which, from its size, can ill support its burden; on each flank are seen some things which look like the side scene of a strolling party's theatre; in the front ground are strewed, some muskets which must be of a new pattern, since the bayonet is half the length of the barrel, (good for fighting Indians in close column;) near them is a sword, the handle of which vies in magnitude with the blade; about the drum are seen a few spherical objects, representing, we know not what; were the subject in any way connected with agriculture, they might be taken for apples or peaches, judging from the leaves or stems attached. The whole has a misty appearance, and might well be taken for the picture of the real objects exposed to an autumnal shower. We presume this is a translation from the French book, as well as the other parts.

In looking at the book attentively, and observing the fine bank note paper of the engravings, it struck us that the author, (translator, we mean,) in getting up the "Military Tactics" in such fine style, had the same object in view, that the General-in-chief had, when he changed the old uniform dress for that of the

revolutionary pattern, viz: to captivate the young officers, and to prevent too frequent resignations.

Now, might not the Brigadier General intend to fascinate the old stagers of the army who have not prevailed on themselves to learn theoretically or practically the ugly, huge mass of 1826? Really, we believe the idea is correct, and if so, would it not be well to give the volumes various fancy colors, so as to be distinguished more easily, after the manner of some guns and gun carriages which were to be painted, some red, some cream color, and others sky blue?

We cannot but admire the dimensions of the book, so admirably adapted to the pocket, and therefore for the field exercises.

Although there are many important omissions, and several mistakes, which, thus far, have escaped the lynx-eyed Clairfaint, we, unlike some brother officers, (who have declared they would not "budge,") have resolved to "throw ourselves" before the book, even if we should "find ourselves" deficient in "swiftness," and "lose a little," the habit of commanding "at will."

We almost forgot to make mention of a very important part of vol. I., (with three titles,) we mean the music. Of this, there are about twenty pages, and of its excellence we can speak with assurance, *knowing that Lucchesi*, the famous leader of the West Point military band, had a hand on the crotchets.

Some omissions in the different beats, such as the *diddles* and *para-diddles*, to say nothing of the *flam-para-diddles*, shall be attended to in future. So soon as we get through all the titles, and studied "a little" the music for the bugle, you may hear from us again.

Yours, Mr. Editor,

14th July, 1835.

YOUNG FOGRAM.

ARMY.

The President of the United States visited Old Point last week, under a salute from the batteries, and reviewed the troops of the garrison. He returned to his residence at the Rip Raps about 1 or 2 o'clock, the same day.

The contemplated target firing did not take place in consequence of the heavy swell of the sea, which rendered it inconvenient to adjust the target.

Captain Vail, of the First Infantry, in command of a detachment of U. S. recruits destined for Fort Towson, left Fort Jesup, La., on the 11th of May, and arrived at Fort Towson on the 6th of June, 1835.

Lieut. Birdsall, of the Third Infantry, arrived at Fort Jesup on the 13th of May, 1835, having under his command a detachment of 88 recruits, for the companies at that post.

Lieut. Birdsall has returned to New York to resume his duties on the recruiting service.

Company F, Third Infantry, under the command of Capt. Harrison, left Fort Jesup on the 21st of June, 1835, with orders to proceed to the Caddo agency house on Red river, for the purpose of attending a treaty to be held with the Caddo Indians, by Col. Brooks, the Government commissioner. Officers of the detachment: Captain Harrison, First Lieut. Bonnell, Second Lieut. Field, Doctor D. M. Heard, of Natchitoches.

Major J. Green, Fifth Infantry, assigned to the command of Fort Winnebago, during the absence of Col. Cutler, on recruiting service.

Lieut. John Child, Third Artillery, relieved from engineer duty.

Surgeon General Lovell, ordered to West Point to examine into the state of the medical department at that post.

A rendezvous has been opened at New Brunswick, N. J., under the charge of Lieut. E. B. Birdsall, of the Third Infantry.

Lieut. J. L. Locke, Second Artillery, arrived at Charleston, S. C., on the 10th instant, from Tampa bay, via Key West, on his way to join his post at Savannah.

NAVY.

We are informed that orders have been given to prepare the frigate *Constellation* for sea without delay, and it is probable she will be ready by the 15th or 20th proximo.

In our next we will endeavor to give a list of the officers ordered to her.

Commodores Chauncey and Morris, Commissioners of the Navy, being in New York, visited the frigate *Constitution*, on Friday, 10th instant.

Ship *Vandalia*, Captain Webb, sailed from Pensacola on the 1st instant, and the *St. Louis*, Captain McCauley, on the 2d; both on a cruise.

Schooner *Grampus*, Lieut. commanding White, arrived at Pensacola on Thursday, 2d instant, from a cruise. She sailed from Pensacola for the Havana, which place she reached on the 13th of April, sailed thence for Barbadoes, but put into St. Thomas' on account of head winds and bad weather, for one day only. The *Grampus* returned from Barbadoes to St. Thomas', touching at St. Pierres, Martinique, and showing herself off the Islands of Martinique and Dominique, then proceeded across to Santa Cruz, where she laid four days, thence to Laguyra, where she laid one day, thence to Porto Cabello. From the latter port, run past and showed herself off the Islands of Curacao and Jamaica, thence to Havana, from which place she sailed for Pensacola. Every thing quiet, and the flag respected every where. All well on board the *Grampus*. The following is a list of her officers:

John White, Esq., Commander.

John Cassin, Lieutenant.

William B. Lyne, Lieutenant.

Sterrett Ramsey, Purser.

George W. Evans, Assistant Surgeon.

John M. Gardner, Acting Master.

Charles S. Ridgely, Passed Midshipman.

George M. McCreery, do

John G. Anthony, and George W. Harrison, Midshipmen.

Erwin J. Leedom, Captain's Clerk.

William Dunn, Acting Gunner.—*Gazette*.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Paul's Church, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Schröder, Lieutenant R. S. DIX, of the United States Army, to MARY B. JOHNSTON, daughter of the late Major W. B. BEANES, of Prince George's county, Maryland.

On Tuesday morning, 14th instant, at St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane, WATERS SMITH, M. D., of the United States Navy, to HANNAH C. NICHOLSON.

DEATHS.

At his residence in Hanover township, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 4th of July, Mr. JOHN TEEL, a soldier of the revolution, in the 86th year of his age.

The deceased volunteered in the service of his country at a very early stage of the war for our independence. At the commencement of that great and arduous struggle, he was the possessor of a small estate in the town of Wilmington, Delaware, of which he disposed, and appropriated the proceeds to arm and equip a company of infantry, then being raised in that neighborhood. He became a member of it, and from that time forwards, throughout the stormy periods of the revolution, to its final and successful termination, devoted himself unqualifiedly to the service of his country. He was in the successive battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and the Cowpens.

For a number of years it has been his anxious wish that he might be permitted to close his mortal career on his country's birthday; and it has pleased the Almighty disposer of events, in his infinite wisdom, to grant his request.

At Brooklyn, on the 12th instant, in the 80th year of his age, Mr. JOHN DEMAREST, formerly of Monmouth, N. L., an old soldier of the revolution, and firm supporter of the rights and liberty of his country in her utmost time of need; and was well known to her enemies as a man of true courage and individual prowess.

At Fall river, Massachusetts, Mr. PELEG BABCOCK, aged 83, a revolutionary soldier.

In Philadelphia, on the morning of the 10th inst., HENRY PIPER, aged 82 years. He was a soldier of the revolution, in the second regiment of the Pennsylvania line, in which he served the term of his enlistment, and was discharged at Trenton, 1781.

In Caswell county, N. C., 30th ult., Mr. JAMES LEA, Sen., aged 75 years. He was a soldier in the revolution, and bore an irreproachable character throughout life.

On the 16th instant, at his farm in Peters township, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, Capt. W. M. McDOWELL. He was an officer in the army of the revolution, and one of the brave forlorn hope at Stony Point.

In Milford, N. H., JOHN W. A. SMITH, formerly a Lieutenant of artillery in the service of the United States.

In this city, on the 28th May last, Mrs. MARIA ROBINSON, wife of JOHN ROBINSON, Messenger at Head Quarters United States army.